

60-7156

STAT

Sept. 11, 1960

Mr. Allen W. Dulles, Director
Central Intelligence Agency
Washington, D.C.

Dear Mr. Dulles:

In light of recent events, it would seem that a survey of conditions which could give rise to disloyal acts would be in order.

A. For your consideration, I have attached a clipping entitled "The Trend Toward Public Confession" which appeared in a recent edition of the Los Angeles Times.

The article describes how we are today living in a psychiatric era in which the keeping of secrets is highly frowned upon.

In the not too distant future, we may find that we have developed a nation in which the private citizen is

mentally unable to keep secret

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National Security will then have lost its intended meaning.

B. In your recent address to the V.F.W., I notice your reference to those who support the Soviet "emotional plea to ban the bomb."

While any thinking person will agree with your position, it appears that many of our people are not thinking.

Note the cartoon which I clipped from the L.A. Times a few days ago.

On the surface, it appears to be clever and witty in the accepted modern day sense.

Looking deeper, it suggests the following:

1. That if we have a war, everyone will be living like cavemen when it is over.
2. That we had best not antagonize the Russians.
3. That we should select an assessor for a President.

In summarizing, may I suggest that if the individual American citizen is not prepared mentally for the long struggle which lies ahead, then we may find that we have been defeated by ourselves, rather than by Russia.

Perhaps we in America have great need for a return to old fashioned patriotism and individualism.

Yours very truly,
Robert F. McKenzie

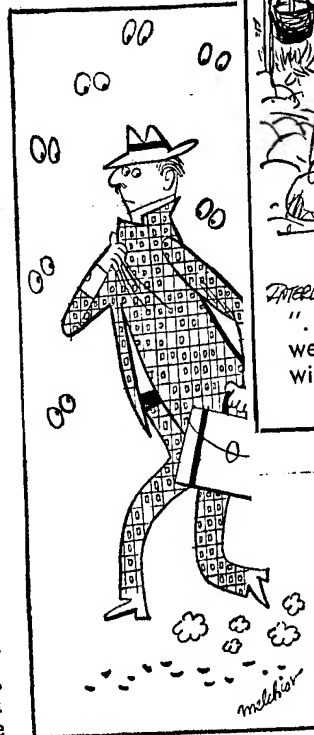
BELOW OLYMPUS



INTERLANDI 1960, THE REGISTER AND TRIBUNE SYNDICATE

"... And right after the election, our President went over and poked this Russian in the stomach with his finger... and that's how World War III started..."

B.



Who gave the magazine people my address? Who gave the insurance man my phone number? It's a terrible situation.

Privacy, says Zinsser, is going out of style, and with it the once valued virtues of modesty, taste and good manners. It's all part of the psychiatric era.

Once the man who was trusted was the one who kept his own counsel. But these days if you don't babble your life away you are suspected of harboring dreadful inhibitions.

I love groups, when I'm group-mooded. I like to feel I belong. I want people to know me. I want to give, see?

But not the whole store.

CITYSIDE

The Trend Toward Public Confession

BY GENE SHERMAN

Whatever happened to the private citizen? He is with us no longer, and let us mourn his passing.

Once privacy was a cherished and jealously guarded asset; now it's a luxury few can afford. And, evidently, few really want.

This comes to mind with William K. Zinsser's article on privacy lost in Horizon. The trend is toward confession and public view.

Let a body seek privacy and he is branded an anti-social misfit who hates people. It is too bad. The old philosophers used to say being alone was good for the soul, but today's warn of a trauma.

If you are alone you're sick, see?

★

There was a time when a man with a drinking problem tried hard to keep it quiet. To be a dope addict was to bring disgrace to one's family. To admit peccadilloes was a signal sin.

No more.

You publish your memoirs and you load them with lechery, love and license. You tell how it feels to take a fix of H and you dredge through the murky memories of lost weekends for some alcoholic shockers.

You confess your sins publicly and emerge wear-

ing not sackcloth and ashes but beaucoup loot from the royalties.

Your miserable life is made into a movie and you are the toast of the town. Everybody knows all about you. That's the public way it goes these days.

★

No longer are there skeletons in every closet. They have been taken out, brushed off and placed on pedestals. Confession these days is not only good for the soul but for the pocket-book.

I am a man who likes to pull the blinds at night. I subscribe to the idea that a man's home is his castle and in lieu of a moat I lower the shades.

Is that bad? Do I have to leave the blinds up for the pleasure of the curious? Am I suspect because I want a little bit of peace occasionally to call my own?

Am I off the team because I keep some things to myself?

★

Do not snoop through my life, if you please. It is not an open book, and its circulation is limited. What makes you think I have to answer to the pollster's questions? Just because he asks them?

I am enclosing this page, since it expresses my feelings far better than anything I might write.
R.F.M.

Yes, there is something worse than an atom bomb *The abject fear of it*

ENEMIES want us to believe they have a secret weapon—a gas which saps men's strength and willpower, leaving them no courage to fight, no desire to resist.

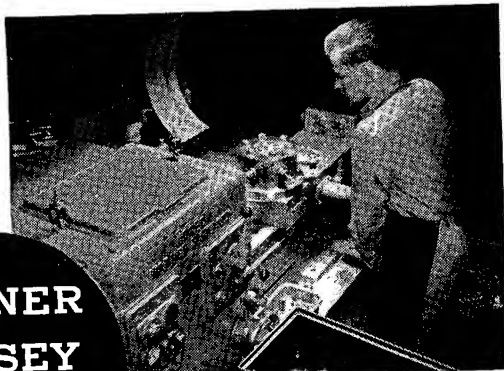
It is true—Russia has such a weapon—*fear*.
Fear of Russia's nuclear bombs and missiles has turned too many Americans into cowards and appeasers. They cry that *anything* would be better than atomic death Would it? —would slavery?

"Give me liberty or give me death" was the courage that created and built America. We need to remember and revive it.

The courage of character can make us safer than all the shelters in the world—safer and happier, because we would have self-respect.

Appeasers can never become anything but serfs. Would such a life be worth living for anyone who calls himself an American?

Worse than war is the fear of it. Fear and fearful people deserve no place in this country.



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VIA AIR MAIL

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D. C.

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